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AN ORATION:

DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE

Centennial Commemoration

OF THE

BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS,

19TH AUGUST, 1882,

BY

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Published under the auspices of the Kentucky Historical Society.

FRANKFORT, KY.:

PRINTED AT THE KENTUCKY YEOMAN OFFICE.

MAJOR, JOHNSTON & BARRETT.

1882.

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CARTE DE KENTUCKE,
d'après les Observations actuelles:

DEDIEE

AL'HONORABLE CONGRÈS
des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique
et à Son Excellence

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Commandant en chef de l'Armée
Par leur très humble Serviteur, JOHN FILSON.

Echelle de 30 Milles.

- Postes et Forts.
- Sources salées et salines.
- ⬤ Villes.
- Habitations et Moulins.
- ⬢ Cabanes des Sauvages.



En cet un terrain fort étendu surpasse les
Plaines de l'Amérique Née il ne produit point
d'arbres et n'est que médiocrement arrosé
il est néanmoins fertile et couverte de pâtu-
rages excellents.

the

- Postes et Forts,
 ☼ Sources salées et Salines,
 🏠 Villes,
 🏠 Habitations et Moulins.

Ici habite la Nation Mingo



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The sod which we this day tread is one consecrated by memories of an heroic race. The occasion which calls us together is one which arouses the liveliest sentiments of an honorable pride, and freshens every glow of a just patriotism. For here it was that, in the midst of disaster and death, the hardy race of Kentucky pioneers achieved results greater than have followed many a triumph. Here it was that fell, in one short hour of a summer's day, a pall of desolation that darkened every fireside throughout the West; and here it was that out of the nettle of an overpowering danger was plucked the flower of the safety and prosperity of our Commonwealth. It was here that were most conspicuously shown all the traits of the Kentucky pioneer; his rash daring in assault, his devotion in danger, his unfaltering self-reliance in adversity, his endurance, his courage, his resolute persistence of purpose, his firm belief that he was the ordained precursor of a new Nation that was to possess the mighty West, and people with a teeming and hardy race the illimitable plains beyond the Alleghanies. And here, too, was proved how the rugged virtues of a frontier life go hand in hand with the tenderest of human sympathies; how the devotion of comrade to comrade, of friend to friend, lightened the horrors of a savage massacre with examples of pathetic heroism.

We meet, as descendants of the pioneers, to found a monument to their memory. Our mission this day is to recall the deeds of those who, a century since, fought on this spot a bloody battle with a savage foe, and tested and proved the problem of Indian warfare in Kentucky. Within the memory of living men, the latest survivors of that

memorable day have gone down in venerable old age to honored graves. The rush of hurrying events is fast bearing away the traditions of those olden times, and dumb forgetfulness threatens the memory of their adventurous bravery. It is fitting that we pause to commemorate and do homage to the founders of our State.

From the time when JOHN FINLEY, in 1767, crossing the Cumberland from North Carolina, penetrated to the valley of Elkhorn and the Kentucky river, and, returning, told of the hunters' paradise he had found beyond the mountains, the romantic story takes its beginning. Who he was, and who were the two or three that bore him company in his adventure, we shall never know. No history of them has been written, nor has tradition preserved more than the mere name of FINLEY. But in no assembly of our people should his name be mentioned save with honor; for he made the double discovery of the country of Kentucky and of DANIEL BOONE, its pioneer.

The story which FINLEY told of his expedition into the new country was listened to with eager ears by the adventurous men, who, like himself, had already pushed their habitations far into the solitudes of Western North Carolina.

The spring of 1769 saw him returning to his new-found hunting grounds, and with him the five companions whom every historian of our State must record as the advance guard of Kentucky. They were, with the single exception of BOONE, obscure men, whose past experience was of the rudest life, and to whom no dream of ambition or thought of fame was known. They filled their appointed place in the great drama that was preparing, and passed into oblivion with the shifting of its first scene.

JOHN STUART, JOSEPH HOLDEN, JAMES MOONEY, and WILLIAM COOL, with FINLEY and BOONE, were the first that ever burst into the unknown West.

It is much to be regretted that BOONE, in the brief narrative which he dictated to FILSON, did not identify more

closely the spot—as he so accurately fixed the time—where the little band first saw the glorious panorama of Central Kentucky.

“On the 7th June (so runs BOONE’s narrative), after traveling through a mountainous wilderness, in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red river, where JOHN FINLEY had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke.”

A number of considerations, as well topographical as historical, seem to warrant the opinion that the spot whence BOONE and his companions had this memorable first view of their promised land, must have been in the near vicinity of the Indian Old Fields, eastward of the town of Winchester, and on the waters of Lulbegrud creek.

FINLEY had traded in some small fashion with the Indians, as we learn from BOONE, and doubtless conducted his little party to the localities which he had before best known. The Shawnees alone, of all the Indian tribes, had attempted a permanent settlement in Kentucky, and had as late as 1750, perhaps later, occupied a town on the Lulbegrud. The subsequent return of BOONE to that vicinity, and the ready explanation which the topography of the country gives of his ultimate explorations along the water-courses, and settlement at Boonesborough, seems to confirm the conjecture.*

But the office of FINLEY and HOLDEN and MOONEY and COOL and STUART was, as has been remarked, only to introduce to his new empire the prince of pioneers.

On the 22d of December BOONE and STUART were captured by Indians, and escaped a few days later, only to find, on returning to their former haunts, that their comrades were gone and the camp destroyed.

The lonely survivors were cheered, however, by the appearance of SQUIRE BOONE, who had with a single companion followed his brother into the wilderness, and, by mere

* See Note A.

chance, discovered his camp. But STUART was soon after killed by the Indians, and the stranger abandoned them; so that the brothers BOONE spent the winter of 1769-'70 together—the only whites within Kentucky—an isolation only to be made absolute by the return of SQUIRE BOONE to North Carolina in May, 1770. The pioneer was left alone “without bread, salt, or sugar, or even a horse or dog.”

It was from such a small beginning that our Commonwealth has arisen. The fortitude, the intelligent courage, the enthusiasm of one man, was the nucleus about which rapidly gathered an adventurous emigration from the older States.

The story of the first settlement of Kentucky has been more than once well told. The comprehensive scheme of HENDERSON and the Transylvania Company, the far-reaching policy of GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, and his masterly plans, both civil and military, the development of a constant habit of individual and independent adventure, combined with military organization and a system of rapid and efficient mutual support, have been commemorated by able pens. The picturesque narrative of those years, when danger and death were ever about the pioneer, when every cabin was known as a fort or station and every man was a combatant, has been perpetuated in the eloquence of MOREHEAD, in the graphic sketches of McCLUNG, and in the faithful, historic labors of the elder and the younger COLLINS. MARSHALL and BUTLER have recorded it in substantial agreement, for no ungenerous envy has distorted the merit of the pioneer, or sought to lessen the applause of his daring and endurance.

This is not the occasion for rehearsing the continuous march in population and strength of the infant settlements established by BOONE and his comrades. The brief space of an address such as this is inadequate for the recounting of the long list of heroic acts that make up that early period of our history. Time would fail to tell how KENTON,

BRYANT, McCONNELL, LOGAN, FLOYD, and others, and most of all, the ever active and vigilant BOONE, sustained the never-ceasing contest.

It need only be noted that the tide of immigration seemed definitely established in 1775, and from that time the increase of settlements or "stations" gave mutual support among the pioneers, and inspired a growing confidence in their ability to maintain an occupancy of the coveted territory.

The spring of the year 1782 opened upon what, indeed, seemed an era of prosperity and security for the West. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in the preceding autumn had ended the War of Independence. Peace with England brought with it a recognized American title to the great Northwest as far as the lakes and beyond Detroit. The splendid dream of CLARK, which none but JEFFERSON seemed fully to comprehend, was fulfilled in the cession of an empire. Strong men had come in numbers to seek fortune and adventure in the brakes and forests of Kentucky. Brave women encountered the hardships of the frontier, and followed husbands and fathers into the wilderness. Families had been established, and children had been born to the pioneers. Already was cradled the generation of Kentucky riflemen destined to crush, in after years, the great confederation of TECUMSEH, and to assure the northern boundary of the Union.

The log cabin which JAMES HARROD built in 1774—first of log cabins in the wilderness of Kentucky—no longer stood solitary in the West. Around it others had risen, and the hamlet of Harrodsburg been formed. At that place formal territorial councils had been held, and resolutions of supreme public importance been taken.* Louisville had begun to rise, and a village to cluster at the Falls of the Ohio. Lexington had been named and settled, protected in its infant growth by the stations which TODD on the one side, and BRYANT in another quarter, had for several

*See Note B.

years maintained. Stout BEN. LOGAN held St. Asaph Station, near the present town of Stanford, and towards the North and East, on the southern tributaries of the Licking, lay MARTIN'S and RUDDLE'S Stations, advanced posts watching the incursions of the Mingoës, the Shawnees, the Delawares, and the Wyandots, who dwelt beyond the Ohio. A growing sense of security prevailed.

Commerce, too, then plumed her wing for a more daring flight than two centuries had known. Filled with the inspiration of those brave days, JACOB YODER, in May, 1782, built at Fort Redstone, on the Monongahela, a large flat-boat, and loading it with produce, and manning it with a picked crew, he, first of all, carried commerce down the broad highway of the Ohio and the Mississippi to the Spanish forts at New Orleans. The return of the adventurers was by way of Havana and Philadelphia, and thence through Fort Pitt to the Falls of the Ohio, and thus was the trade of the South and West opened—by a veritable circumnavigation.

But if the pioneers, worn with the toils of unceasing warfare, and harassed by the continued incursions of their Indian foe, hailed with grateful hope this early dawn of the coming day of civilization and peace, a far different feeling agitated the breasts of their old enemies.

The peace with England ended the subsidies and material support that had given organized vigor to the Indian war. There were no longer at Detroit or elsewhere along the border men who, disgracing the uniform of a gallant army, and remote from the control of civilized opinion, incited the barbarities of savage war, and openly paid in British goods for the scalps of Americans.

Thirty years were to go by before PROCTOR should abandon his prisoners of war to a savage massacre, and ELLIOTT permit the murder of the gallant HART, whose hospitality he had received while himself a prisoner of war in Kentucky.

The withdrawal of English aid brought serious reflection and well founded alarm to the abler men of the principal Indian tribes. The fear seemed to them a just one that the pioneers who had, in smaller numbers, and against unexampled discouragements, withstood the Indians, armed and equipped by British aid, would now find it but a light task to wrest from their Indian foes all that they might want of the lands of the Northwest. It was the sad presage of CAPT. PIPE (Hopocan), the war chief of the Delawares, that when the whites ceased their wars the Indians would be abandoned to an inevitable destruction.* This apprehension was shared by all the most sagacious and influential of his race, and prepared them for concerted and desperate action.

But most potent, perhaps, of all the immediate causes that led to the attack on the Kentucky settlements in 1782, and to the battle of the Blue Licks, was the malignant activity of the renegade SIMON GIRTY.

The atrocities attributed to GIRTY, or immediately associated with his name, exceed the horrors of even savage barbarity. To his bloody imagination the tomahawk and scalping-knife were but the toys of war, and the slaughter of captives, without distinction of age or sex, the merest matter of course. His delight was in the prolonged torture of his victims, and he seemed to enjoy a double pleasure in the exquisite torment of the sufferer, and the frenzied cruelty of the Indians, whom he knew only too well how to excite.

His rude and bold nature had received a sinister education, and he seemed marked from his infancy to be the scourge of the frontier.

SIMON GIRTY was one of four sons of an Irish emigrant settled in Pennsylvania—a vicious and drunken wretch, who was killed by his wife's paramour. The four boys were captured in early childhood by a war party, and three of

* The speech of Captain PIPE at the Council House, in Detroit, is given by Drake, *Biog. and Hist. of Indians*, book V, page 66, 7th edition.

them permanently adopted an Indian life.* GEORGE became a Delaware, and continued with them until his death. He is said, on the authority of one well informed, to have lost every trait and habit that marks the white man, and to have become an absolute savage. His fidelity to his adopted people never wavered; indeed, he knew no other kindred, and he surpassed the native Indian in that skill and cunning which is peculiarly his own. He appears to have been very brave, and to have fought the whites with skill and distinction at the Kanawha, at Sandusky, and at the Blue Licks. Tradition has rated him as a mere Indian, and he has escaped the execration that attaches to his brother's name.

JAMES GIRTY was adopted by the Shawnees. He passed in his earlier life repeatedly between the camp and war path of the Indian and the frontier rendezvous of most abandoned whites. He imbibed all the worst vices of both races, and exaggerated them in the fury of an unbridled lust for carnage. His delight was to devise new and lingering tortures for captives, and to superintend their application.

Even after disease had destroyed his power of walking, he would cause captive women and children to be forced within his reach that he might hew them with his tomahawk. His life stands unrelieved by a single good deed or a single savage virtue. Once he pretended to warn some whites against an impending attack, but it seems probable that some cunning design was hidden behind it. It may be, as some have insisted, that much of the infamy that has been accorded SIMON GIRTY belongs properly to his brother JAMES. If it were possible to test the traditions which have come down to us, perhaps an impartial judgment might absolve the more famous renegade from many a crime that has been laid to his charge. For SIMON GIRTY showed intellectual qualities, and at times was kindly beyond his brothers or the other renegade whites. He remembered

* Perkins, *Western Annals*, 170-1, note. Campbell, *Biog. Sketches*, 147.

KENTON as an ancient friend, and saved his life. In other instances he showed an almost pity. But it was in each case, in his earlier life as a warrior, and before the year 1778.

SIMON GIRTY became in his childhood a Seneca Indian. They were his people and his friends. Though he wandered back at intervals to the verge of the white settlements, and was even for a brief time KENTON's comrade as a spy for Lord DUNMORE's expedition, he returned again to his Indian life. His hatred of the whites seemed to be intensified when the Indian tribes took up the hatchet as allies of England, and after 1778 he carried on an unrelenting war. For such a man, stained with so many cruelties, abhorred and dreaded throughout the frontier, to return to his race, or hope to live within the pale of civilization, was impossible.

The peace with Great Britain left GIRTY no choice but that of the Indian life, so congenial to him, no occupation but that of war to the death. Other whites, too, had, like GIRTY, become identified with the Indians, and had shared in their barbarities. ELLIOTT and MCKEE, who had traded with the Shawnees, cast their fortunes with GIRTY, and, like him, devoted every energy to stirring up the Indians to war.

There were, therefore, abundant reasons why the year 1782 should have been signalized by a mighty effort against the Kentucky settlements. As has been seen, the leading Indians looked with dismay to their future; the renegade whites were desperate.

But, as often happens when affairs are ripe for great events, an occasion for revenge, and an argument for a great expedition, was furnished to the hands of GIRTY and his allies.

During the preceding year an expedition of retaliation against the Wyandots had marched from the Pennsylvania frontier. It was followed in the early spring of 1782 by one under command of WILLIAMSON, who chose to think

that the Christian Indians upon the Sandusky, where the Moravian Mission had been established, were participants in the Wyandots' forays. With a barbarity that might have shamed GIRTY, he caused forty men, twenty women, and thirty-four children, whom he had captured, to be murdered in cold blood. The awful deed was perpetrated with a formal deliberation that lent a more revolting horror to the tragedy. WILLIAMSON and his ninety men took a solemn vote, and but sixteen favored mercy.* The prisoners had been captured as they gleaned the poor remnants of their ravaged fields, planted under their missionaries' care, and cultivated as part of their education into a civilized life. And there they were murdered, "all of them" (as the saintly HECKEWELDER tells us) "defenseless and innocent fellow-Christians."†

The awful crime of WILLIAMSON and his party, far from exciting horror, roused only a frenzy of impatience to complete the work of extermination. Another expedition was at once organized against the towns of the Moravian Delawares and Wyandots upon the Sandusky. It rendezvoused not far from Fort Pitt on the 20th May, and was commanded by Col. WM. CRAWFORD, the former trusted agent of WASHINGTON. Nearly five hundred men took part in it, all well armed and mounted; and the purpose of the march was ostentatiously declared: "*No Indian was to be spared, friend or foe; every red man was to die.*"

The Indian chiefs, and GIRTY and his fellows, found a ready response to their cry for resistance and revenge. So well were their measures taken that they killed and captured the greater part of CRAWFORD'S command. WILLIAMSON, the murderer of the Moravians, escaped, deserting homeward before the crisis of the expedition. The torture of CRAWFORD, and his death at the stake, the fiendish laughter of GIRTY as he witnessed his agony and denied the wretched

*A full and most pathetic account of Williamson's massacre will be found in Doddridge, Settlement and Indian Wars, 250, 251.

†Heckewelder's Narrative, 312, 328.

sufferer's prayer for speedy death, have come down to us in the narrative of an eye-witness. The dreadful story need not be here repeated. The fortitude of the dying soldier was as conspicuous as were his agonies prolonged and acute. He died bravely, and the story of his death is one of the most familiar examples of Indian barbarity.*

Let us, however, now that a century has elapsed since that dark deed was done, recognize how great was the provocation that inspired CAPTAIN PIPE and his Indians. It was retaliation by extermination and torture on the part of the rude savage, who knew no other code, against CRAWFORD'S open boast that he came to destroy friend and foe alike.

We may well feel a pride in the fact that, although the brunt of Indian vengeance was borne by Kentucky, though her best blood paid the penalty of WILLIAMSON'S crime and CRAWFORD'S error, no Kentuckian had lot or part in either. Neither expedition was suggested, organized, or promoted in any respect by the Kentucky settlers.

In all the chronicles of those long years, from FINLEY'S first journey in 1767 to the end of the Indian wars at the battle of the Thames in 1813, no instance (save MCGARY'S murder of MOLUNTHA) occurs where Kentuckians met the foe on other than equal terms and in fair fight. Hundreds of instances attest their equal readiness for single combat or contest of numbers, and almost every encounter brought death to the pioneer or his foe; but the escutcheon of Kentucky has never been tarnished with the blot of cruelty, nor her lofty courage soiled by massacre of the defenseless, or by indignity to prisoners of war.

The excitement of CRAWFORD'S expedition, and the exultation that followed his defeat, enabled GIRTY and the chiefs to arrange with celerity and secrecy for a formidable incursion into Kentucky. The warriors were flushed with victory and mad with hate. An army of whites had already been destroyed, and the prestige of the Indian name restored by

* See Note C.

a victory in the open field, over a well equipped force, commanded by a veteran and trusted officer. An achievement had crowned the Indian arms greater than the victory over BRADDOCK or the successes of PONTIAC and his allies. Heretofore ambuscade and surprise had been their reliance. CRAWFORD's defeat and capture had shown that the Indian could defend his own country with equal numbers in the open field. The dream of PONTIAC seemed realized; the confederation which he had labored to organize seemed now accomplished, and its mission at hand. The warriors of all that broad territory that stretched from the Ohio to the lakes, and extended from the Wabash on the west to Fort Pitt and the Alleghany river on the east, were united in counsel and in hope. The concerted action of the ablest chiefs gave direction to a universal impatience for a march in attack. The great league which PONTIAC had once before formed, and which, in after years, was to be revived by TECUMSEH, in the death-struggle of the Indian power, was consolidated and ready for immediate action. No opportunity ever presented itself to the Indian at once so full of hope and so stimulating to his patriotism.

The chiefs, in passionate language, called for a march that was to recover their old hunting grounds, and at the same time secure themselves from invasion.

If the continued settlement of Kentucky were to be allowed without resistance, the fate of the Northwest was only too plain; but could the victorious league sweep from the soil of Kentucky the scattered occupants that in seven years' time had dotted its isolated center, and exterminate the pioneers as CRAWFORD had been defeated, then would the West be indeed regained, and the Alleghanies become once more the bound to the white man's intrusion, and the bulwark of the Indian's security.

It was a large and bold design that inspired the able chiefs of the confederated tribes. Their purpose was to regain Kentucky, and to hold the entire West from the Gulf north-

ward to the lakes; and that purpose must have succeeded but for the men whose bones lie buried here.

The time for the decisive struggle was at hand. The opportunity was one which years might not again present. The fate of the West was to be tried. Conscious of the gravity of the enterprise, and fully competent for its organization and conduct, the war chiefs of the tribes omitted no precautions, nor indulged any delays. Runners were sent out to the tribes to summon all who were willing to join in the great expedition that was to crush the Kentuckians, and yield a rich booty of scalps and plunder. By the 1st of August the gathering began at the old town of Chilli-cothe. The response to GIRTY's call was prompt and general. The Shawnees, Cherokees, Wyandots, Miamis, and Pottawattamies combined to swell the invading force, and in a few days more than five hundred warriors were on the march for Kentucky.

It does not appear what was GIRTY's organization of his force, or who were his Lieutenants, but the conduct of the fight a few days later showed a discipline and control remarkable in such a sudden levy, drawn from so many different tribes. He was able to enforce such secrecy and rapidity of movement that no warning of his march preceded him; and what is stranger still, had the power to restrain his men until the decisive moment of his murderous attack. It is to be presumed that MCKEE and ELLIOTT were in the expedition. With a refinement of cruelty, the Kentuckians, captured two years before at Ruddle's and Martin's Stations, and who owed their lives to the interference of Col. BYRD, were forced to accompany the march, and witness the death of friends and kindred. They were spectators of miseries which they could not avert, and after an unwilling participation in the campaign, were returned to their captivity.*

* Collins, vol. 2, page 327.

The march of GIRTY and his Indians took Kentucky by surprise. Not a note of warning had been given. A less adroit enemy might well have succeeded in escaping detection, for not a settlement was in existence in all the territory north and east of the South Fork of the Licking. From the mouth of the Licking to Louisville, and as far southward as Leestown, a station on the Kentucky river one mile below the present site of Frankfort, not a single inhabitant was to be found. The pioneers had clustered, as has been already observed, in localities that lay within a radius of mutual immediate assistance. By a kind of natural selection, the first Kentuckians took and held the "Blue-grass." The law of heredity seems to continue that preference in their descendants.*

GIRTY, descending the Little Miami with his force, crossed the Ohio unobserved, and hastened along the war trace made by BYRD two years before, into Central Kentucky. Leaving it, however, as seems probable, near Mill creek, in what is now Harrison county, he passed rapidly to the west and south of Ruddle's Station, skirting the western banks of Stoner and Cooper's Run, through Bourbon county, and following the ridge which divides the waters of North Elkhorn from those tributary to the South Fork of the Licking, suddenly appeared before Bryant's Station. It was on the night of the 14th of August that GIRTY, with his nearly six hundred Indians, surrounded the station. Within its stockade were forty cabins, and, by rarest good fortune, every man of its garrison, of about sixty effective riflemen, was fully prepared for immediate duty. Lexington, also, where forty-four men could be mustered, was in like state of preparation. GIRTY's prime object was to destroy these two stations, and exterminate their little garrisons. If that were accomplished, all Kentucky north of the Kentucky river was regained. The plan failed only because of his own too great promptitude.

* The first allusion to Blue Grass, or English Grass (as it is there called) as a distinctive growth, will be found in the proof quoted in the case of *Darnall vs. Higgins, Hardin's (Ky.) Reports, page 52.*

In order to draw the small companies of defenders from the protection of their stockades, GIRTY detached a party of Wyandots, who rapidly pushed on to Hoy's Station, on the south side of the Kentucky river, in what is now Madison county, a few hundred yards from the site of the village of Foxtown. They so timed their march that on the 10th of August they committed some depredations there, and captured two boys, retreating in no great haste eastward and across the Kentucky river. Captain HOLDER, with a few men, pursued, and augmenting his force by small additions at McGee's and Strode's Stations, continued to follow the retreating Wyandots, sending the alarm in the meantime to Bryant's Station and Lexington. HOLDER came up with the enemy at the Upper Blue Licks on the 12th of August, and was forced to retreat with loss. At the news of his defeat, which was received at Bryant's Station on the 14th, it was resolved to march at day-break on the morrow to relieve Hoy's Station and assist HOLDER.

GIRTY had expected that the news would have been received, and the march made on the 14th, and for that reason, when he surrounded the station, he thought to have the double advantage of an easy capture of the station and the non-combatants, and of cutting off its garrison in the open country.

Had GIRTY's arrival been delayed but a few hours, his expectation would have been realized. For when, long after midnight, he surrounded the station, a busy activity was to be noted within the fort. Lights still burned, and fires glowed in every cabin, though the heat of midsummer was oppressive. The real cause of this unusual and unexpected wakefulness was the intended march of the men at the coming of dawn. The women were industriously repairing moccasins and cooking rations for their husbands and brothers. The men were moulding bullets and putting in complete order their trusty rifles. Not a soul within the

fort dreamed that six hundred Indians already lay around them and within gunshot.

But GIRTY mistook the cause of the activity within the stockade. He supposed that his approach had been discovered, and that the note of preparation which he heard was the prelude of a desperate resistance by the garrison. He concluded that his chief plan was foiled, and relinquished the hope of surprising the unarmed station, and afterwards destroying its men in the open country. He concluded to attack the fort defended as it was. It is very likely, too, that GIRTY would have found it impossible to conceal any longer his presence, or, in the difficulties which the darkness and the motley character of his force presented, to have made a new plan for the approaching dawn. He therefore disposed his force so as to seize, if possible, the gates of the stockade with one party, while another was to provoke a sally.

The coming dawn found GIRTY's preparations all completed, and those within the station yet ignorant of their imminent peril. The gates were opened and the well prepared pioneers started on their march. Fortunately for them, GIRTY's orders were only too well obeyed. A heavy fire was opened upon them. Ten minutes more of delay would have secured for GIRTY his grand opportunity. But the alarm had been given, and the weight of the volley betokened the number of the assailants. The Kentuckians fell back instantly within their defenses, and all hope of surprise was lost to the Indian army. Bryant's Station, if taken at all, was to be captured by assault and desperate fighting.

There were men within the station whose long experience of a frontier life fitted them for the emergency. ELIJAH CRAIG was in command, and with him ROBERT and CAVE JOHNSON and others—well tried men. Though they were but sixty opposed to six hundred, no thought of anything but energetic fight was entertained. The little garrison was distributed along the stockade. The very children con-

tributed to the defense, and while their mothers moulded bullets which their fathers shot at the foe, they busied themselves in extinguishing the flames lighted by fire arrows from the Indian camp ; and, stimulated by the general display of courage, went from place to place with their buckets and gourds, playing their parts as became their parentage. Such, at five years of age, was the first lesson and service in war of WILLIAM JOHNSON, who was afterwards to save HARRISON and the western army by his relief of Fort Meigs, and to die—too early—from the exposure of the campaign of the Maumee.

And such was the lullaby of that youngest infant there, who was in after years to share in large measure the honors of his State and Nation, but whose proudest distinction it was that RICHARD M. JOHNSON commanded, in the final battle of the Indian wars, that regiment of Kentucky riflemen before whom the noble TECUMSEH and the renegade GIRTY fell.

Bold and swift messengers were needed to carry the alarm through the Indian lines to Lexington and the other settlements. TOMLINSON and BELL were the gallant men who undertook and performed the perilous task.

CRAIG, with much sagacity, penetrated GIRTY's tactics, and turned upon him a feint by which he had hoped to carry the station gate. The fortunate preparation, made, as has been shown, for an entirely different purpose, enabled the defenders to maintain themselves, and to keep up their well directed fire.

By noon Lexington had been aroused, and every available man summoned to the relief. Some on foot, some mounted, they hurried to save their besieged friends, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, led by the gallant JOHN TODD, colonel of the county, some fifty men reached Bryant's Station. Six of their number were killed or wounded in the dash that they made through the Indian lines ; but they gained the fort, and from that moment its capture by assault was impossible.

GIRTY well knew that he was foiled. He and his Indian lieutenants had exhibited soldiership and conduct. His first and chief plan had been frustrated by an error of judgment which should rather increase than detract from an estimate of his capacity. With perfect promptness, and under greatest difficulties, a new plan had been formed, that must have succeeded could every Indian rifle have been kept silent for a brief space. Now it was necessary to devise still another, and, if possible, a bolder stroke, and to achieve in the open field what his best laid plans against the stations had failed to accomplish.

The news sent out from Bryant's Station on the morning of the 15th of August had not stopped at Lexington or Todd's Station. It flew like the summons of the fiery cross throughout the settlements. By nightfall BOONE received the tidings at Boonesboro, and at early dawn was in motion with all his little force. With him in this, which was to be the old pioneer's last of all of his fights, went his youngest boy—his ISRAEL—destined to death in the coming battle, the father's last sacrifice on yonder mountain in the cause to which he had so devoted himself. TRIGG, too, came up in haste from Harrodsburg, bringing with him HARLAN and MCGARY, and the men from across the Kentucky.

LOGAN was warned at St. Asaph, and with all possible rapidity collected such as could be drawn from the remoter settlements. The word had gone out that every fighting man was needed. The response to the call was instant and unanimous.

During the 17th, BOONE and TRIGG, HARLAN and MCBRIDE and MCGARY, and their men, had reached Bryant's Station. Enough men had hurried thither to swell the number to what the better account, on the authority of BOONE, fixes at one hundred and eighty-one riflemen. Their rendezvous was not obstructed by the Indians. With a deep and subtle purpose GIRTY permitted them to pass unattacked into the station.

The knowledge that the country was aroused had induced GIRTY to attempt a shallow device. After recovering from the stunning effect of a rifle-ball that struck his bullet pouch and stretched him for a time apparently dead, he had tried to persuade the garrison (already re-enforced from Lexington) to surrender, and rely on his mercy and honor. The resolute reply of young AARON REYNOLDS and its rough scorn has been preserved by all who have written of those times.*

The Indian chiefs were dispirited by the failure of the expedition, and insisted on a retreat before the arrival of larger numbers should make retreat too dangerous. The prompt response already shown warned them that the settlements would send in all their best men, and they felt how hazardous their position might become.

GIRTY yielded reluctantly, or with assumed reluctance, to the demand for retreat, and seige was raised on the 17th in the forenoon.† Camp fires were left burning, and pieces of meat were upon the roasting-sticks. The retreat was ostentatious, and it was supposed that the Indians were in full march for their towns beyond the Ohio.

The remainder of the day was spent by the Kentuckians in assuring themselves that the retreat was genuine and not a mere pretense, and in deliberation as to the advisability of immediate pursuit.

It does not appear that there was any serious diversity of opinion among the chiefs of the Kentuckians. A very large proportion of those present bore commissions in the militia, and the militia of Kentucky at that time was a body constantly employed on serious duty. The haste of the summons, the urgency of the danger, and the determined purpose of them all, made the question of military rank the least important of their considerations. In the companies that were extemporized, Captains and Lieutenants took places in

*See Note D.

† BOONE's letter of 30th August, 1782, to the Governor of Virginia.

the ranks without quibble or contention. It would seem likely, too, considering the smallness of the force, and its composition of citizen soldiery, that the interchange of opinion was general and free. There were few present whose experience of frontier life did not warrant their joining in the discussion. The pursuit was resolved on, and the march commenced.

Following the well-defined trace south of and not far from the present turnpike road that connects Lexington with Paris and Maysville, the pursuers crossed David's Fork and the dividing ridge; thence down Houston creek and along its north bank, the route lay until at a point near the present village of Houston, in Bourbon county, it forms one with the great main road reaching northeastward.

The evidences of the Indians' sudden retreat were numerous and seemed conclusive. In the abandoned camp the fires were left burning and cooked meat untasted. The trail was compact, as though the entire force had been called in to march off in a body. It was not a great while before the line of the Indian retreat was certainly ascertained, and it became clear that, instead of turning northward at some point near the present town of Paris and pushing by the shortest road, past where now are built Cynthiana and Falmouth, for the mouth of the Little Miami and the Pickaway towns, the Indians were moving along the main trace towards the Lower Blue Licks. They were following the straight path that the unerring instinct of the buffalo indicated to our engineers as the route for a great thoroughfare.

The night of the 18th brought renewed consultation, for Stoner's creek had been crossed near Martin's Station, three miles north of where Paris now is, and Hinkston forded near Millersburg, and the little army halted on the trail. The camp fires passed during the day, marking the place where the Indians had halted for the previous night, had been noted by the observant pioneers. Their number was few, and they were near together, giving ground for the in-

ference that the Indians either felt confidence in their superior numbers, and were inviting pursuit, or that they were guarding cautiously against an attack by the whites. The trees along the trace showed marks of the tomahawk, and this betokened a march free from hurry and trepidation. Perhaps, thought some of the pioneers, GIRTY does not know that he is followed, and it may be that by another day's rapid marching he can be surprised in his camp. Perhaps, thought they, he fancies the perilous country already passed, and the safe bank of the Ohio so near as to put him beyond reach. The able renegade had so well conducted his force that the most experienced pioneer could not divine that he meant an ambuscade and fight.

It is easy to criticise, in the light of events, the conclusions of the pioneers and what may be termed the errors of their judgment. It can well be argued that had GIRTY been flying from pursuit he would not, perhaps, have taken the circuitous route he did, directing his homeward course by way of the crossing near Maysville and the Mingo towns on the Scioto, but would rather have retraced his steps to the mouth of the Little Miami. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the severest critics of warlike deeds are most often those who have never themselves set a squadron in the field, and so it has been in all the comments on GIRTY's march and TODD's pursuit.

The men of middle age and of more advanced years who meet here this day in such numbers, joined again happily in fraternal regard and united in loyalty to our State and our Nation, can, with a juster view, scan that ancient scene, and from their own experience of war vindicate both pursuers and pursued. GIRTY showed soldiership in retreating by a new route, for CLARK, with a good force, was at the Falls of the Ohio, and might well take him in flank if he passed down to the mouth of the Licking. BOONE and TODD were trained in Indian war—as indeed were all their comrades—and rightly interpreted the motive that controlled

GIRTY. The pursuit up to the time of the battle was justified by soundest considerations.

The march, which had already traversed that lovely succession of hill and dale, fairest of all fair views to the Kentuckian's eye, and had reached beyond the present county of Bourbon, was resumed with the coming dawn.

It was Monday, the 19th of August, just one hundred years ago.

As the morning advanced the speed of the pursuit was quickened, for many unerring signs betokened that the enemy could not be very far distant. Still all was order and circumspection, for the leaders were as prudent as they were brave, and every man was a veteran. The advance continued, still following the trace and the well-marked route of the foe. Yet not an Indian was seen nor any preparation for resistance observed. Farther still the Kentuckians pressed on, vigilant against surprise and wary of ambuscade, and still the enemy were unreached.

But as the column approached the Licking river the advanced guard caught the first sight of Indians on the further bank. GIRTY had safely crossed the stream, and felt that he had the vantage ground, as well as superiority of numbers.

The Indians, when first seen, were leisurely ascending the rocky ridge that leads up from the river on its northern bank. They were but few. They paused, and seemed to regard the whites with indifference, and then disappeared over the crest of yonder hill.

Time has not yet effaced the features that then marked this spot. For ages the grateful salt sulphur spring that gives it name had been the resort of countless buffaloes, whose sharp hoofs had worn away the soil and destroyed vegetation. The noble forest that crowned the surrounding scenery was there obliterated. The trace which the pursuers had followed, coming down to the stream by a narrow and difficult approach on the south bank, led up the bare accliv-

ity on the other side, surmounting its crest where a narrow ridge gave passage way between two ravines that spread on either side, with easy sweep towards the stream.

Here it was that the Indians chose their battle-field. A better choice could not have been made, whether the purpose were to resist an assault or lay an ambuscade. The warriors were carefully secreted within the dense shrubbery that filled the ravines, and there awaited the approach of the whites.

The pioneers stopped on the southern bank for consultation. It must be plain to all who will recall the circumstances of the assembly and the march, and bear in mind that the whole country was aroused and in motion to re-enforce them, that the pioneers had but little cause to fear an attack. Their position was strong. Flanked by yonder difficult hills, and protected by the river in their front, they might well have counted on repelling assault and holding good their own until the coming up of their friends would enable them to take the aggressive. There was no cause or reason for retreat; but the question of advance was one of profound moment.

Whose voice should have weight in such a crisis? Whose counsel should control or whose opinion govern? All eyes turned to the veteran, who, better than living man, knew the foe before them, and all listened with respectful attention to the brief reply he gave when interrogated by TODD. His plan was simple. It was to await the arrival of LOGAN, already on the march with more than two hundred men. With such a re-enforcement the Indians could be attacked and victory fairly expected. And when LOGAN should arrive, the old veteran further counseled that the attack be not made directly up the rocky point, but by flanking the hills and ravines, so obviously dangerous.

BOONE knew the locality perfectly well, for he had repeatedly visited it, and four years before had been captured near the spot and led away a prisoner. He was entitled by

every right to advise, and his advice met the approval of all the wiser and cooler men present.

In all the remarkable traits which the unique character of BOONE presents, none is more striking than his constant self-possession, and calm good sense in every emergency. No peril ever overcame his judgment; no disaster impaired his presence of mind. An unvarying tranquility gave force to his advice, as it so often secured success to his boldest undertakings. No man in our history has so singularly blended the constant pursuit of a hazardous life with a contemplative nature and a prudent habit of thought. Rash men sometimes affected to despise the caution of the wise old man, and once he was ungenerously charged with betrayal of his friends. But the men who knew him best vindicated his fidelity no less than his sagacity and courage, and listened to him as the Nestor of the frontier.

It is quite evident from the written accounts that have been prepared by various hands, and from the oral traditions which still linger in families that draw their descent from the pioneers—those stories of the olden time now dwelling in the memories of aged men as their grandfathers told them years ago—that the better opinion coincided with BOONE's counsel.

TODD and TRIGG and HARLAN certainly wished to await LOGAN's arrival. The enemy had been brought to bay, as it seemed, and a decisive battle might be fought, with every hope of success should the re-enforcements arrive. The concurrent judgment of the four—BOONE, TODD, TRIGG, and HARLAN—decided the question, for they were the superior officers, and, what was more important in such a command, it satisfied the rank and file that to wait was expedient and not inconsistent with the truest courage; for the courage of each was proverbial, and the conduct of each had been proved in many ways, and amid many dangers.

The name of BOONE was the synonym for all adventure and bold caution. The others were worthy to be his companions.

Major SILAS HARLAN had come, in 1774, from Berkeley county, Virginia, and joined HARROD in his new settlement. He had been always active in the constant Indian warfare of the time, and had accompanied CLARK in 1779 in the expedition against Vincennes, where he gained much applause. His vigorous nature was equally prompt for political action, for he was one of the participants in the Declaration of 20th June, 1776, forwarded to the Virginia Convention. Bold and generous of heart, and prompt for every duty, he was a marked and influential character throughout the settlements.

Lieutenant Colonel STEPHEN TRIGG was a much more recent emigrant to Kentucky, for he only came hither in the autumn of 1779, but he brought such qualities as speedily gave him place and influence in his new home. Casting in his lot with the men of the frontier, he became not only one of them, but one of the very first among them. His activity and courage were equal to every emergency, and brought him always to the front in the never ceasing alarms that kept the ill-protected stations in anxious vigilance. Nature, too, had enriched him with that most rare and enviable gift, the power of winning the earnest affections of men. Beyond all others he was beloved by the strong hearts of a yeomanry too free in their vigorous life to yield homage to aught but merit and goodness—too generous to envy the qualities they admired. He rose rapidly in the general esteem. HARROD and BOWMAN and LOGAN ungrudgingly deferred to him. He became without dissent one of the chief men, and Lieutenant Colonel of the militia beyond the Kentucky, of which the veteran LOGAN was Colonel.

The easy chief of all was the young commandant of the expedition. Though he had but completed his thirty second year, the life of JOHN TODD was already full of history and crowned with usefulness. He was the first of that band of educated young men who joined the hunters in the West,

and grafted the aspiration of a higher ambition on the ruder tastes of the first pioneers. Born on the 27th March, 1750, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, every circumstance of his parentage and surroundings conspired to fit him for the part he was to play. The strong Scotch character of his father was tempered in him by the benignant and broad charity which he inherited from his Quaker mother, HANNAH OWEN. His native county adjoined that from which, while TODD was yet an infant, BOONE, in his eighteenth year, moved southward and westward to the banks of the Yadkin. The infection of adventure was breathed in his childhood; for all his earlier associations were with those whose eyes were turned westward, and whose hopes of fortune were gilded by the setting sun. But a better preparation for life awaited young TODD than was enjoyed by most of his generation of adventurous youth. He was carefully trained by his uncle, the Reverend JOHN TODD, famous in his day as a Presbyterian divine, and deserving our remembrance as the first who fed the intellectual hunger of the West by the gift of a library to the earliest institution of learning in Kentucky. In the classical academy of that learned and upright uncle in Louisa county, Virginia, young TODD passed his boyhood and early youth, gathering there precepts which formed his character, and accomplishments which graced his usefulness. He quitted school only to enter on a larger education, and began the study of the law under the supervision of General Andrew Lewis, a magnate in the western counties of Virginia. His career as a lawyer in the counties of Botetourt and Bedford was too brief to yield much either of success or fame. It was abruptly terminated by a more stirring and welcome call.

It was at the battle of Point Pleasant, and in the campaign of 1774 against the Scioto towns, that TODD had his first taste of war, and first proved his fitness for adventurous life. When GENERAL LEWIS assembled the Virginia volunteers in the camp which he designated, far out upon the frontier line, and not very distant from the spot where

beauty and fashion now grace the famed White Sulphur Springs, he named his former pupil as his aid, and shared with him the intimacy of his tent and the confidence of his campaign. It was then that TODD saw for the first time the Indian warrior in his noblest type, for the redoubted CORNSTALK commanded, and ELENIPSICO and RED EAGLE were his lieutenants.

His rank and duty as chief staff officer to GENERAL LEWIS may well have entitled him to witness the treaty council, and it is not a violent conjecture that he was one of the auditors of that noble speech, famous wherever the divine power of oratory is known and appreciated, that has fixed the name of LOGAN, the chief of the Mingoes, forever in the roll of the eloquent.

There, too, he must have met GIRTY, who carried the dispatches brought to LEWIS from LORD DUNMORE, little dreaming that the humble scout was to be his slayer within eight short years.

The campaign of Point Pleasant and the Scioto decided the future of JOHN TODD. No sooner had the volunteers returned from their expedition than he made his preparations for the career upon which he was resolved, and in the early spring of 1775 he joined BEN. LOGAN in the establishing of St. Asaph Station.

It needed no great while to identify him with his new companions, and make him a participant in their boldest exploits. In the month of June he was already one of thirteen who ventured from Harrodstown into the wilderness farther West, passing Salt river and Green river, to the near vicinity of the present city of Bowling Green. Already he had attended as a delegate the first assembly convened for legislative purposes within our State. It was the meeting of delegates called by the proprietors under HENDERSON'S treaty of the Wataga. It is interesting to note the parts taken by the different members of that little Legislature that met under the great elm tree at Boonesboro on the 23d

May, 1775. BOONE had leave to bring in a bill "*for preserving game, and so forth,*" and was most appropriately made chairman of the committee to whom it was referred. A bill to "*prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking*" was introduced by the REV. MR. LYTHE, one of the delegates. TODD initiated measures for the orderly administration of justice, and was named chairman of a committee to draw up a compact between the proprietors and the people of the colony. True, the scheme of a proprietary government and colonization under it was already a century out of date, and soon to be abandoned, and BOONE and CALLOWAY and FLOYD and TODD to take part in greater things and under higher auspices; but the dawning of self-imposed government was then first seen west of the Alleghanies, and the first suggestion of well-ordered law came from JOHN TODD.

A visit to Virginia in 1776 was followed by a prompt return to Kentucky, and his location at Todd's Station, near Lexington. The next spring the arduous journey was again to be made, for he and RICHARD CALLOWAY were the first burgesses from Kentucky to the General Assembly of Virginia. Nor was the interval of time idly passed. In December, 1776, he, with nine others, made the perilous attempt to bring powder from near Maysville, through the wilderness, to the stations in Central Kentucky. Not far from this very spot he then narrowly escaped death at the hand of the Indian foe.

Among his legislative services of surpassing public importance was the aid he rendered CLARK in persuading Governor HENRY and the Virginia Assembly to commission that great soldier for the conquest of the northwest territory. TODD bore him company in the eventful campaign of 1778, and took part in the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. He succeeded CLARK in command, and, commissioned "Colonel Commandant and County Lieutenant,"*

* His commission as "Colonel Commandant" gave TODD rank over LOGAN and the other colonels of militia. This disposes effectually of the aspersion that he hurried into the fight at the Blue Licks through fear of being superseded in command by LOGAN's arrival.

was vested with the amplest powers, civil as well as military. There was need of all the qualities he possessed to discharge with success the multiplied and onerous duties that crowded upon him. His youth, his energetic vigor, his robust health, his temperate habits of life, his liberal education, his large experience of men and affairs, the integrity and justness of his nature, and a certain religious seriousness that underlaid his character, combined to fit him for the difficult post. With his other duties he retained that of County Lieutenant and Colonel of Militia for Fayette county, and, as though insatiate for work, again attended the Virginia Assembly as a Burgess in 1780. There he was found busy in a successful plan to secure a system of public education in Kentucky by the appropriation of public lands. Withal, he was engrossed with a scheme for excluding slavery from the newly acquired territory of the Northwest, and for emancipation in Kentucky, the one of which was to find its fruit in the ordinance of 1787, the other to be delayed more than eighty years, despite the efforts of INNES, the BROWNS, the younger TODDS, GREENUP, the SPEEDS, McDOWELL, RICE, and others to have it engrafted in the first organic law of the State.

The sweets of married life were his but for a brief period. He married in Virginia in 1780 JANE HAWKINS, worthy to be the wife of such a husband, and worthy mother of that daughter whose cradle was bedewed with tears for the tragedy which this day commemorates. How the virtues of the parent descended with a blessing to his orphaned child; how her long life was replete with benevolence and all good works; how she was a very Providence to the suffering and a rock of refuge to the oppressed and the poor, still dwells in the memories of many who knew her, and is part of the history of that community in which she lived and died.*

The four officers chief in rank agreed that LOGAN's arrival should be waited for. The junior officers, Majors LEVI

* The only child of Col. JOHN TODD was a daughter—MARY OWEN TODD—who became the second wife of the Hon. ROBERT WICKLIFFE, of Lexington. She left no issue.

TODD and McBRIDE, Captains PATTERSON, GORDON, BULGER, and others, acquiesced. The entire command was content to obey the order to halt from those whose courage and judgment they implicitly trusted.

But there was one man whose restless and insubordinate nature and rash indifference to danger could not brook the delay. To his charge has justly been laid the disorder, the tumultuous and blind rush, the heedless and unhappy disregard of BOONE's counsel and TODD's commands, the brave lives lost on that sad day.

The name of Major HUGH MCGARY will be remembered until Kentuckians forget the story of the pioneers. It will be mentioned whenever men tell of the battle of the Blue Licks. It will remain conspicuous in the annals of our earlier times. But it is a sad and unenviable fame that has survived him. Even his virtues of courage and endurance come down to us, and will be further transmitted in our history, clouded by the great misfortune of which he was the cause. He was a rude, brave, violent man. No early discipline, either of the family or the school, had taught him deference to the authority of others, or formed the habit of self-control. The resolute and tranquil philosophy of BOONE he could not understand. The large and noble character of LOGAN was beyond his comprehension, and he despised the accomplishments of TODD and TRIGG. His daring was proverbial, and his adventures as rash as they were numerous. But his bravest feats were oftentimes the outgrowth of mere turbulence, and soiled by the inspiration of personal revenge. He rose not to the noble thought that a new people and a great State were to honor in the coming years those who, with unselfish courage, should lay the foundations of the Commonwealth. Revenge for the loss of his horses was his highest motive for Indian war. Envy, too, perhaps, unknown to himself, gave to his judgments of men and their motives an often sinister cast. Happily, there is no other instance of that malign passion in the history or traditions of our pioneers.

He was foremost in every peril, and prominent in every strife. His hot blood made him dangerous even to his friends, and he once was scarce prevented by his own wife (so the story as told by Mrs. HARROD went) from shooting down JAMES HARROD in some trifling dispute.

It was he who, as late as 1786, murdered the old Shawnee chief MOLUNTHA, simply because he had participated in the battle of Blue Licks, and with ruffian vociferation denounced all who condemned the foul deed.*

But the courage and reckless daring with which he courted peril made him a man of mark and value in those dangerous times.

Offended, perhaps, at not being called into the consultation that had just been held, MCGARY chose to construe as a want of proper courage the obvious prudence of his superior officers. A few hot words passed as he spoke with TODD and BOONE, and then, with headlong impetuosity, he turned his horse's head and dashed into the stream, calling on all who were not cowards to follow him.

The unfortunate example was contagious. Whether it was that they imagined that the order for advance had been given, or whether because of mere unreasoning enthusiasm, the hunter-soldiers followed with a shout, and rushed in disorder across the ford. It was in vain that TODD and BOONE and TRIGG and HARLAN endeavored to restrain the excited crowd. Their men were deaf to entreaty and to command. The entire force passed the river, and they had no choice but to follow. With utmost difficulty a halt was induced, after the crossing was accomplished, on yon low ground where the ridge comes down with its rocky base to join the narrow plain. Disorder reigned, and authority had been defied. The scene lies there before us. Survey it and judge, ye whose eyes have witnessed hard fought fields, and who have been taught in the greatest of wars. Consider

*See Note E.

their difficulties and dangers, the peril of their new position, and vindicate the memory of BOONE and TODD.

The barrier of the river in front had been abandoned. Those flanking hills and the narrow ford, that forbade attack so long as the river intervened, could no longer afford protection to the little band.

The river and its difficult passage was now in their rear. No kindly shelter covered either flank. In front was the rocky acclivity rising with rugged ascent to the point where the buffalo trace disappeared over the hill-top, its nakedness relieved only by the thick branched and stunted cedars, that made it the more difficult to surmount.

To recross the river was impossible. MCGARY'S insubordination had so infected the men that it was not to be thought of. To remain in the new position was madness, even had the contest been one of equal numbers. No choice was left but to advance to where fortune should offer a new and safer halting-place. With customary prudence, BOONE advised a careful examination towards the front. The bold men sent forward to reconnoitre passed up the ridge, inspecting as they went either side of the road. They examined with care those converging ravines, and the narrow way between them at the crest. Still further they went, until they had explored a half mile or more beyond. They were faithful men and brave; they were chosen because of their experience. How came it that they made report that no enemy was to be found?

GIRTY handled his Indians with ability and firmness. His clear judgment appreciated the prospect for a victory that the locality afforded him. He had enough of authority to cause his Indians to fall back noiselessly and rapidly on either side—back from the sides of the trace and from the ravines, into the dense and secure cover of the adjoining hills. There they lay in perfect silence and secrecy while the reconnoissance was made. As the scouts passed in return towards the river, the Indians, in perfect order and in dead silence, moved back to their chosen position.

It was a masterly move, most difficult of performance, and most completely performed. It stamps GIRTY as a soldier, and his powers of command as extraordinary.

The report of the reconnoitering party was explicit and satisfactory. All had right to accept it; none discredited it. Even BOONE's caution seems to have been satisfied, and his apprehension allayed. The advance commenced.

Ranged in a single line, its center pursuing the trace, while on either hand the flanks extended beyond it, the little army was told off into three divisions. BOONE was on the left, there towards the west, and with him PATTERSON;* TRIGG was on the right, and with him the Harrodsburg men; TODD remained in the center in general command, while Major MCGARY had charge of that part of the line. In front of all HARLAN, with twenty-five mounted men, moved up the trace as an advanced guard. The difficult march up the hill continued until HARLAN had reached the crest, where the ravines converge. The main body was just surmounting the slope. The Kentuckians were well within the net, and the murderous fire began.

The Indians, from their secure cover, and at short range, began their battle on the right. TRIGG and nearly all the men from Harrodsburg fell in a brief space. Instantly HARLAN was fired upon from both flanks, and he and all his men but three were killed. The sudden and effective fire of the enemy checked the advance and threw the line into confusion. GIRTY instantly extended his line, and turned the flank where TRIGG had fallen, and the Indians in overpowering numbers rushed forward with tomahawk and rifle.

The resistance was desperate but hopeless. TODD rallied his men with voice and example. His white horse made him a conspicuous mark, and it was not many minutes before he received a death-shot through the body. Mounting again, careless of his mortal wound, he renewed his effort to hold the men around the spot where BOONE was still

* See Note F.

contending on the left. But the day was lost. He was seen to reel in his saddle, the blood gushing from his wounds, and he fell.

The defeat became a rout. As may well be seen, the place afforded no shelter for a defeated force. The only hope of safety was in recrossing the river and regaining the ground which had been so rashly abandoned. The narrow ford was crowded with fugitives who fell in numbers as they attempted to escape. Last to leave the field was BOONE and his young son, mortally wounded, and borne in his father's arms until death ended his agonies.

The wisdom of TODD and BOONE had been dreadfully vindicated. MCGARY survived unhurt to witness, though he professed not to regret, the fearful consequences of his insubordinate folly.*

The renegade GIRTY had glutted his vengeance in the best blood of Kentucky, and pursued his way across the Ohio, no more to appear upon its soil. Thirty years were to pass before he should again confront Kentuckians in fight, and yield his life, where TECUMSEH fell, to the rifles of the sons of the pioneers.†

The day closed. Its sun went down on an anguish that was unspeakable. Desolation and mourning had come to every station within the settlements, and sorrow was in every heart. For the fallen were the good men of the people. They were the heads of families, the husbands of wives now unprotected, the fathers of little ones now orphans in a wilderness. They were the hope of the rising State; its strong defense in its need; its tried and true and brave citizens.

In every settlement, in every cabin the cry of woe was heard. Those who had not lost husbands wept for slain brothers, or cowered in agony at the thought that fathers would never more return.

* See Note E.

† See Note G.

No one but lamented a friend. The heart of the whole people was stricken sore. The common danger, and the habit of mutual aid in their perils and privations, had made, as it were, one family of all the pioneers.

Strong men wept as they comforted the widows of their friends, and vowed fatherly care for their little ones.

And while the universal grief went up for the slain and the bereaved, the hearts of men were warmed with a noble glow as the unselfish bravery of that fatal day was told. Those who survived brought the word how gallantly TODD and TRIGG and HARLAN and McBRIDE, BULGER and GORDON, OVERTON and McCONNELL, LINDSAY and GRAHAM and KENNEDY and STEWART and others, had died in the bloody fight. The country rang with praise of those who, like NETHERLAND, were conspicuously heroic, and, like REYNOLDS, saved the lives of their friends at the peril of their own.*

The dreadful sacrifice was not in vain, for the fight of that day was the decisive struggle for supremacy in Kentucky. The men who died on this spot achieved in their death the future safety of their friends and the State. The last incursion of an Indian force had been attempted, and no more were able and cruel men to assemble tribes and march savage armies into our borders. The great danger was forever gone. The recovery of Kentucky was never again attempted. The homes of the pioneers were for all time secure.

It was for this that the devoted band died, and this in their death they achieved. The result was worth the sacrifice—great as the sacrifice was.

In the blood of that day were cemented the solid foundations of a powerful State. A victory was plucked from defeat.

The news of the disaster quickly reached LOGAN, who was pushing on with a strong re-enforcement. Too late the sur-

* See Note H.

vivors saw how LOGAN's aid would have saved the day. One melancholy duty only was to be performed. The mutilated bodies of the slain were reverently collected and interred on the field of their last battle.

And here have they lain for an hundred years, sepulchred in the soil they loved so well. Their sleep has been the rest of warriors in honored graves. The children whom they left to bear up the fortunes of the coming State have long since followed in matured old age into the hereafter. A third generation has grown venerable in years. A mighty host peoples the land which then was but a solitude. This great concourse, gathered from the remotest parts of a prosperous and happy State, meets in reverent homage where that little band fought and died. No savage foe lurks near. Peace prevails throughout all our borders. The wounds of our own dissensions have been mercifully healed, and the griefs of a civil war forgotten in a renewed and strengthened brotherhood.

The comforts of life fill our habitations. Rude privation has given place to ease. Security reigns where once all was danger. Forests and brakes have bowed to sturdy industry. The lonely trace and the perilous war-path are supplanted by the highways of a happy and an increasing commerce. The wild buffalo has given place to the cattle on a thousand hills. The field of the husbandman laughs in the joy of abundant harvest. Plenty is scattered in bounteous profusion throughout a smiling land.

Yet, amid all the changes that a century has witnessed, Nature preserves, scarce altered, the features of that important scene. The sweeping river bends as of old, a silvery border about the battle-ground. The ford, the trace, the ravines, the fatal crest of yon stony slope, remain in vivid identity. They mark in imperishable characters the story of that day.

What need, then, of a monument to commemorate the deed? What can man add of his perishable device to the

indestructible memorials which Nature's self has placed here? Why is it that we have come together to lay this stone and build this shaft?

It is because it is a good thing to honor the brave, and show gratitude to the noble and generous. It is because we would recall in the prosperity and peace so wonderfully ours, the men whose courage in life and devotion in death secured that peace and happiness to us. It is because we would refresh the memories of their patriotism, and repeat the story of their virtues. It is because we would have our children learn, as we have been taught, how brave were the men whose bones have long mouldered here; how enduring was their purpose, how prompt they were to every friendly office, how free from cruelty or envy, how ready to yield up their lives for their country and their friends.

Let us thank the GOD of our fathers that He has vouchsafed us descent from such an ancestry. Let us return hence to our homes, proud in the thought that the valor and virtues of our pioneers have in all these years been an unsullied treasure in the keeping of their descendants. And as the revolving years move on, and we become in our turn the gray-haired patriarchs, let it be our office to tell, as we were told, the tale of this battle, and to teach, as we were taught, how beautiful and how sweet it is to die, as these died, for country and for friends.

NOTES.

Note A.

The name "Lulbegrud" was given to the creek referred to, in 1770, by Alexander Neely, a companion of Boone, and it appears on the earliest maps as a well-known water-course. Boone and his comrades had with them a copy of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," and the name was taken from that of the capital city of Brobdingnag. Well established tradition confirmed me in this opinion; but, since this address was delivered, my friend Judge WM. M. BECKNER, of Winchester, has furnished me the following documentary proof, which is conclusive. It is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the original, as recorded in Deposition Book No. 1, page 156, Clark county court, Kentucky:

"The deposition of DANIEL BOONE, being of lawful age, taken before us, the subscribing commissioners, this 15th day of September, 1796, being first duly sworn, deposeth and sayeth that in the year 1770 I encamped on Red river with five other men, and we had with us for our amusement the History of Samuel Gulliver's Travels, wherein he gave an account of his young master, Glumdelick, careing him on a market day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud.

"A young man of our company called ALEXANDER NEELY came to camp to camp one night & told us he had been that day to Lulbegrud, & had killed two Brobdignags in their capital, * * * * and further sayeth not.

DANIEL BOONE."

The Shawnees were settled on the Lulbegrud certainly as late as 1750, as is well established. They occupied Kentucky before the French war.

The noted chief BLACKHOOF (CATAHECASSA) was born on the banks of the Lulbegrud. He participated in the battle of Braddock's defeat, and in 1816 revisited Kentucky, and identified the localities formerly occupied by his people, and amid which he had spent his earlier years. He died in 1831, aged nearly one hundred and twenty years.

An interesting account of his funeral is given by the Quaker missionary HARVEY in his History of the Shawnee Indians, page 185

The Shawnee settlement on the Lulbegrud (as also BLACKHOOF's visit to Kentucky) is referred to in a letter written in 1847 by the late JOSEPH FICKLIN, of Lexington, to H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT. It will be found in Schoolcraft's Report on the Indian Tribes, vol. 1, page 300, published by the War Department, 1851.

Note B.

A full account of the several councils and legislative assemblies held at Harrodsburg would be too voluminous for insertion here. The original "*Journal of the Proceedings of the House of Delegates or Representatives of the Colony of Transylvania, begun on Tuesday, 23d May, in the year of our Lord Christ 1775, and in the fifteenth year of the reign of His Majesty King of Great Britain,*" is preserved by Mr COLLINS in his History of Kentucky, vol. 2, page 501; as also is "*The Petition of the Inhabitants and some of the Intended Settlers,*" on page 510 of the same volume. In the same connection Mr. COLLINS gives a good account of Henderson's Purchase and the Transylvania Colony, which may be compared with Gov. MOREHEAD's sketch. (Morehead, page 37.)

The following hitherto unpublished paper is given from the original manuscript in my possession. This manuscript was in the custody of PATRICK LOCKHART, Secretary of the Convention of Virginia, from the hands of whose son it came to his relative, the late Colonel GEORGE HANCOCK, of Jefferson county, Kentucky, who gave it to me:

"*To the Honourable the Convention of Virginia:*

"The Humble petition of the Committee of West Fincastle of the Colony of Virginia, Being on the North and South Sides of the River Kentucke (or Louisa). Present, John Gabriel Jones, Esqr., chairman, John Bowman, John Cowen, William Bennet, Joseph Bowman, John Crittenden, Isack Hite, George Rodgers Clark, Andrew McConnel, Hugh McGary, James Harrod, Silas Harland, William McConnel and John Maxwell, gentlemen. The Inhabitants of this remote part of Virginia who are equally desirous of contributing to the utmost of their power to the Support of the present laudable cause of American Freedom and willing to prove to the World, that tho they live so remote from the Seat of Government, that they Feel in the most Sensible manner for the Suffering Brethern, and that they most Ardently desire to be looked upon as part of the Colony notwithstanding the Base proceedings of a Detestible, Wicked and Corrupt Ministry to prevent any more County's to be laid off without the inhabitants would be so Pusilanimous as to give up the Right of appointing proper Persons to Represent 'em in Assembly or Convention, and as we further conceive that as the Proclamation of His Majesty for not settling on the Western Waters of this Colony is not founded upon Law, it can have no Force. And if we submit to that Proclamation as well as to have other Counties laid off without sending any Representatives to ye Convention, it's in our Opinion manifesting an Acquiescence to the Will of an Abandoned Ministry and leaving an Opening to their Wicked and Diabolical designs as then this Immense and Fertile Country would afford an Assylum to those whose Principles are inimical to American Freedom, And if Counties are not laid off as Fincastle-

"County now Reaches and already Settled near Three Hundred and
 "Eighty Miles from East to West it would be impossible that two Dele-
 "gates can be Sufficient to Represent such a Respectable body of People,
 "or that Such a number of Inhabitants should be Bound to Obey without
 "being heard, and as those very People would most cheerfully Co operate
 "in every measure tending to the Publick Peace and American Liberty if
 "their Delegates now chosen by the Free voice of the Inhabitants on the
 "Western Waters of Fincastle (on Kentucke) and which Election was
 "held for Eight days at Harrods Town after the Preparatory Notice of
 "Five Weeks given to the Inhabitants, and on the Pole being Closed,
 "Captain John Gabriel Jones and Captain George Rodgers Clark having
 "the Majority were returned, and not doubting the acceptance, of 'em as
 "our Representatives by the Honourable ye Convention, to serve in that
 "Capacity, as we conceive the Precedent Established in West Augusta will
 "Justify our Proceedings; And we cannot but observe how impolitical it
 "would be to Suffer such a Respectable Body of Prime Rifle Men to
 "remain in a state of Neutrality, when at this time a Certain Set of men
 "from North Carolina stiling 'emselves Proprietors and claiming an Abso-
 "lute Right to these very Lands taking upon 'emselves the Legislative
 "Authority, Appointing Offices both Civil and Military, having also
 "opened a Land Office Surveyors General & Deputys appointed & act,
 "conveyances made, and Land sold at an Exhorbitant Price, with many
 "other unConstitutional practices tending to disturb the In * * *
 "those who are well disposed to the who some Gover * * * of Vir-
 "ginia, and creating factions and Divisions amongst * * * as we
 "have not hitherto been Represented in Convention and well knowing ye
 "Frailty of Human Nature that Interest will often Predominate, and
 "that the Tyrannick Ministry would not stop at any means to reduce the
 "loyal americans to th * * * detestable ends that if these pretended
 "Proprietors have leave to continue to act in their arbitrary man * * *
 "out controul of this Colony the end must be evident to every well
 "wisher to American Li * * * at this time of Danger we cannot
 "take too much Precaution * * * the Inroads of ye Savages and
 "prevent the Effusion of In * * * Blood. We the Committee
 "(after receiving a Messuage * * * the Chiefs of the Delaware's
 "who are now settled near the Mouth of the Waubash) informing us
 "that a League * * * held at Opost, by the English and ye Kicca-
 "poos Indi * * * and that they would attend to know the purport
 "of the same, if their Brothers the Long Knife would send a man they
 "could rely on, they would on their Return inform 'em of the same & they
 "were Apprehensive the Kiccapoos would strike their Brothers ye Long
 "Knife therefore we thought it most prudent and shall send immediately
 "a Certain James Herrod and Garret Pendergrass, to converse with 'em
 "on ye same. And as it's the Request of the Inhabitants that we should
 "point out a Number of Men Capable and most acquainted with the

“Laws of this Colony to act as Magistrates, a List of the same we have
 “inclosed, and For other Matters Relative to this Country we Conceive
 “that Captain Jones and Captain Clark our Delegates will be able to
 “inform the Honourable the Convention, not doubting but they will
 “listen to our Petition and take us under their Jurisdiction—And your
 “Petitioners as in Duty Bound &c.

“Signed by order of the Committee.

“JNO. GA JONES, *Chairman*,

“ABRAHAM HITE, JUNR, *Clerk*.

“HARRODSBURG, June 20th, 1776.”

The Jno. Ga. Jones whose name appears in the foregoing as the chairman, was killed by Indians near the Blue Licks on 26th December. 1776. He, in company with Col. JOHN TODD and others, was attempting to bring powder from the Ohio river to the stations in Central Kentucky.

Note C.

The narrative of CRAWFORD'S death by torture is given by DR. KNIGHT, his companion and friend, as follows :

“Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to
 “Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant. They had eleven prisoners
 “of us and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

“Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simon Girty,
 “who lived with the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to
 “town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at
 “the same time to pass by the place where the Colonel had turned out his
 “horse, that they might, if possible, find him. The rest of us were taken
 “as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new

“Tuesday morning, the eleventh, Col. Crawford was brought out to us
 “on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the Col-
 “onel if he had seen Mr. Girty. He told me he had, and that Girty had
 “promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians
 “were very much enraged against the prisoners, particularly Capt. Pipe,
 “one of the chiefs. He likewise told me that Girty had informed him
 “that his son-in-law, Colonel Harrison, and his nephew, William Craw-
 “ford, were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned.
 “This Captain Pipe had come from the town about an hour before Colo-
 “nel Crawford, and had painted all the prisoners' faces black. As he was
 “painting me he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my
 “friends. When the Colonel arrived he painted him black also told him
 “he was glad to see him, and that he would have him shaved when he
 “came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched the
 “Colonel and I were kept back between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two

“Delaware chiefs; the other nine prisoners were sent forward with another party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path tomahawked and scalped. Some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the Colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive; the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did also the Colonel and me at some distance from them. I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow to be taken to the Shawanese towns. In the place where we were now made to sit down there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinly amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia Regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed. When we came within about a half mile of it, Simon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback. He spoke to the Colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, could not hear what passed between them.

“Almost every Indian we met struck us either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and asked was that the Doctor. I told him yes, and went towards him, reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone, and called me a damned rascal, upon which the fellows who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me, and told me I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

“When we went to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel’s hands behind his back, and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him. Girty answered yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Capt. Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz: about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

“When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel’s body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and, to the best of my observation, cut off his ears. When the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

“The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied. It was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the pole remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw on him, so that, in a short time, he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

“In the midst of these extreme tortures, he called to Simon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the Colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily; and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

“Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

“He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand that if our people had him they would not hurt him. For his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the Colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill will for Colonel Gibson, and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all which I paid very little attention.

“Colonel Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, ‘That was my great Captain.’ An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the Devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes, and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet, and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

“The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Capt. Pipe’s house, about three quarters of a mile from the place of the Colonel’s execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the

“Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the place where the Colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose after he was dead they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big Captain, and gave the scalp halloo.” (See *Western Annals*, pages 245, 246, 247, and 248.)

Note D.

The reply of AARON REYNOLDS to Girty is thus given by MCCLUNG, page 67:

“To Girty’s inquiry, ‘Whether the garrison knew him?’ Reynolds replied, ‘That he was very well known; that he himself had a worthless dog, to which he had given the name of ‘*Simon Girty*,’ in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name; that if he had either artillery or re-enforcements, he might bring them up and be d—d; that if either himself, or any of the naked rascals with him, found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone; and finally, he declared, that *they* also expected re-enforcements; that the whole country was marching to their assistance; that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort, their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of their cabins.’”

Note E.

Major HUGH MCGARY himself gave an account of the battle of the Blue Licks, which has been in part preserved by MCCLUNG (pages 74, 75, and 76), as follows:

“Several years after the battle of the Blue Licks, a gentleman of Kentucky, since dead, fell in company with McGary at one of the circuit courts, and the conversation soon turned upon the battle. McGary frankly acknowledged that he, himself, was the immediate cause of the loss of blood on that day, and with great heat and energy, assigned his reasons for urging on the battle. He said that in the hurried council which was held at Bryant’s on the 18th, he had strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to halt for twenty-four hours, assuring them that, with the aid of Logan, they would be able to follow them even to Chillicothe, if necessary, and that their numbers *then* were too weak to encounter

“them alone. He offered, he said, to pledge his head that the Indians would not return with such precipitation as was supposed, but would afford ample time to collect more force, and give them battle with a prospect of success.

“He added that Colonel Todd scouted his arguments, and declared that, ‘if a single day was lost, the Indians would never be overtaken, but would cross the Ohio and disperse; that now was the time to strike them, while they were in a body; that to talk of their numbers was nonsense—the more the merrier; that for his part he was determined to pursue without a moment’s delay, and did not doubt there were brave men enough on the ground, to enable him to attack them with effect.’ McGary declared, ‘That he felt somewhat nettled at the manner in which his advice had been received. That he thought Todd and Trigg jealous of Logan, who, as senior Colonel, would be entitled to the command on his arrival; and that, in their eagerness to have the honor of the victory to themselves, they were rashly throwing themselves into a condition, which would endanger the safety of the country.

“‘However, sir,’ continued he with an air of unamiable triumph, ‘when I saw the gentlemen were so keen for a fight I gave way, and joined in the pursuit as willingly as any; but when we came in sight of the enemy, and the gentlemen began to talk of ‘numbers,’ ‘position,’ ‘Logan,’ and ‘waiting,’ I burst into a passion, d—d them for a set of cowards, who could not be wise until they were scared into it, and swore that since they had come so far for a fight they *should fight*, or I would disgrace them forever; that when I spoke of waiting for Logan on the day before, they had scouted the idea, and hinted something about ‘courage;’ that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were d—d cowards, that could talk big when the enemy was at a distance, but turned pale when danger was near. I then dashed into the river, and called upon all who were not cowards to follow.’ The gentleman upon whose authority this is given, added that, even then, McGary spoke with bitterness of the deceased Colonels, and swore that they had received just what they deserved, and that he, for one, was glad of it.”

Justice to TODD’s memory requires that it should be here noted that he could not have been influenced by any jealousy or fear that LOGAN, on his arrival, would supersede him in command. LOGAN was Colonel of the Lincoln county militia, and TODD held the same rank in the Fayette militia. LOGAN’s militia commission was the senior of the two, but TODD held also, as commandant of the Northwestern territory, the commission of Colonel in the State line for regular service of Virginia, and this gave him rank over all officers, except CLARK, who was Brigadier General.

The shameful murder of the Shawnee MOLUNTHA by MCGARY in 1786 is narrated by MCCLUNG in his sketch of the life of LOGAN as follows (he erroneously gives the date as 1788):

“A single incident attending this expedition deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a large village of the Shawnees, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named MOLUNTHA came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beau to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field.

“Nothing could be more striking than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not, that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major MCGARY, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that MOLUNTHA had been one of the chiefs who commanded at the Blue Licks, a disaster which MCGARY had not yet forgotten.

“Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, MCGARY scowled upon the old man, and asked him if ‘he recollected the Blue Licks.’ MOLUNTHA smiled, and merely repeated the word ‘Blue Licks,’ when MCGARY instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder, and others swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being, but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. MCGARY himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.” (McClung, 117-18.)

MCGARY came from North Carolina with BOONE, HOGAN, and DENTON in 1775. His wife who came with him was one of the three white women that first came to Kentucky. He was with CLARK as a Captain in 1780, and became Major of the militia of Lincoln county in 1781. The widow

of JAMES HARROD is said, by those who profess to have heard her, to have given an account of MCGARY'S violent temper. as follows:

"HUGH was perfectly fearless and very useful in going out and killing game for the fort when it was like to be starved out, but he was hot-headed and quarrelsome; so much so, that once my husband (Colonel JAMES HARROD) and he leveled their guns at each other, and Mrs. MCGARY ran between them and threw her husband's gun up, and Colonel HARROD turned and walked off."

Note F.

Colonel ROBERT PATTERSON was, without doubt, one of the most active and enterprising of the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio. He has the honor of having founded three flourishing cities of the two States. He was one of the party that located and named Lexington, Kentucky. At a later day he, with DENMAN and FILSON, established Cincinnati or Losantiville, as it was first called, and in 1803 he settled where now Dayton is built. He was born in Bedford county, Pennsylvania, in 1753, and first came to Kentucky in 1775. Penetrating the country from a point on the Ohio, near where Maysville now stands, he assisted in locating McClelland's Station, at the Royal Spring, now Georgetown. This was found to be untenable, and PATTERSON, with LEVI TODD and others, erected a cabin within the present limits of Lexington, near the bold spring which gushes from the bank between the Leestown Turnpike and the Town Fork of Elkhorn, just south of the present cemetery inclosure.

In October, 1776, he was one of a party of seven that started to Fort Pitt for a supply of ammunition. The Indians attacked them, killing two and capturing one. Only one of the whites escaped unhurt. PATTERSON was desperately wounded—his right arm was broken by two bullets, and he received a tomahawk wound in his back that penetrated to the cavity. With wonderful fortitude he and his wounded companions dragged themselves to the point where assistance at last reached them. For almost a year he was disabled, and indeed never ceased to feel the tortures of his tomahawk wound. It was because of this that REYNOLDS gave him his horse at the battle of the Blue Licks: he could not otherwise have escaped the pursuit.

He was soon, however, again in Kentucky, joined CLARK in the Illinois campaign, and became an Ensign of militia. He entered the land, and laid off the town of Lexington. He was in BOWMAN'S expedition in 1779, and the next year with CLARK at Old Chillicothe and the Mad River towns. He was a Captain at the battle of the Blue Licks, and took part in the expedition of the autumn of that year, as well as that of 1786 against the Shawnee towns. In 1789 he laid off Cincinnati. His last

active military service was at ST. CLAIR'S defeat; though as late as 1812 he took charge of the transportation of supplies to HARRISON'S army. He had meantime been promoted to a Colonelcy, and had filled various civil posts. In 1803 he located in the hamlet of Dayton, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1827. He was as amiably and sincerely Christian in character as he was bold and energetic. He died at last from the effects of the tomahawk wound received fifty years before.

Note G.

The death of Simon Girty at the battle of the Thames, in front of Col. Johnson's mounted Kentucky regiment, is stated on the authority of Perkins (Western Annals, pages 170 and 171, note). The same account is given by Judge Campbell, whose opportunities for personal knowledge were peculiarly good. (See his Biographical Sketches, 147: Columbus, Ohio, 1838). Girty's reputation was that of personal honesty. He scrupulously paid all his debts, even to his enemies. He was greatly addicted to drink, and when intoxicated "he had no compassion in his heart." He suffered greatly from rheumatism, and went on his last campaign, as he said, in the hope that he might die in battle.

Note H.

Among the papers of Col. ROBERT PATTERSON, there has recently been found an account, in his own handwriting, of the battle of the Blue Licks, and of AARON REYNOLDS' brave act of friendship.

His grandson, Mr. JOHN H. PATTERSON, of Dayton, Ohio, has kindly furnished me the following copy:

"In the year 1782 the north side of Kentucky was in one county, called Fayette. Five stations or forts included all of the inhabitants: Lexington, McConnell's, Bryant's, Boone's, and McGee's. The subscriber, then being a military Captain, on the first of June, 1782, he received the following orders from John Todd, Colonel Commandant of the county:

"*To Captain Robert Patterson:*

"SIR: The fourth part of the militia of Fayette county are hereby ordered on duty, to rendezvous at Lexington on the 10th instant, of which you will take command.

"You will have under you one Lieutenant, one Ensign, three Sergeants, one Commissary, and as much ammunition as can be spared, or you may stand in need of; march immediately to the mouth of the Kentucky river, there to act in conjunction with the commanding officer of a row boat to be sent by Gen. George Rogers Clark from Louisville.

“The boat will likely be commanded by a regular officer of as high a grade as yourself; in that case you will report yourself and company to him, and be under his command; but if commanded by a militia Captain, then you must command.

“I need not advise you to take care of yourself and men, and guard against surprise.

“You are to be thirty days on duty, and will be furnished by your hunters. The Commissary's receipt will entitle them to pay.’

“On the 10th, as ordered, forty men, including officers, paraded, and next day marched from the commissary with four pounds of ammunition to each man. We had two pack horses that belonged to the commissary. We marched direct to Drenning's Lick, halted, sent two spies, who brought no account of the arrival of the boat. Sent two spies to Louisville, who brought information of the day that the boat would arrive. We remained twelve days in the neighborhood of the river, subject to surprise by day and night.

“The company was divided into five messes, encamped five yards apart. Every movement was made in the same manner, with two sentinels out, one 150 yards to the right, and the other the same distance on the left. We moved once in twenty-four hours one mile, more or less, as ground, water, and timber were convenient.

“In the camp immediately in my rear the First Sergeant had a very profane, swearing man. I had borne with him four days and nights, and felt that I must reprove him, and if no amendment took place, to discharge him and send him home. The next opportunity, when he had a crowd about him, and was making his blasphemous sport with oaths and wicked expressions, I stepped into the crowd and observed to him that he was a very wicked, profane man; that he could not harm anything or person but himself, and that he was endeavoring to do with all his might; that the company and myself would thank him to desist; but on the next day I heard him going on as formerly. I then reprovved him severely, but said to him that if he quit his profanity and swearing, that on reaching the boat I would give him a quart of spirits.

“Four days after that we joined the boat. After making a report of my orders and company to Capt. Robert George, who was a regular officer, Aaron Reynolds demanded of me the quart of spirits, as promised. I suggested a doubt as to whether he had complied with his promise or not, and he appealed to the company then on parade, and they pronounced in his favor, that they had not heard him swear since he was reprovved, as before stated. The spirits were drank.

“We continued performing duty in concert with the boat commandant until our tour of thirty days expired, which was when we were at the mouth of the Big Bone Landing creek. We were discharged and returned home.

“Two days after returning to Lexington, Bryant’s Station, six miles east, was attacked and besieged by 500 British and Indians commanded by Col. Byrd and Simon Girty. After two days and nights’ unsuccessful attempt, they withdrew the third night, leaving a number of killed and wounded.

“Forty men, under Col. Stephen Trigg and Maj Harland, arrived at Lexington on the Saturday after the retreat. This force, with all that could be spared from Fayette, rendezvoused at Bryant’s Station early the next morning.

“Sabbath, August 18th, with Col John Todd in command of 144 men, two thirds on horse, balance on foot, proceeded on until about two o’clock we came to where they encamped the night before. After an accurate examination of their camp, the ground occupied, the number of officers, &c., it was concluded that they had three to our one. A council was called, and the conclusion was that they had been unsuccessful, and were retreating with a number of wounded, and by marching that night we, being then on a buffalo road leading to the Blue Licks, would be close on them against daylight, and break them at the first onset. As soon as the enemy would be discovered, the horse in front were to charge within close gunshot, and force them from their first position, the foot to push them from the second; to march in two lines fifty paces apart, each line to wheel to the right and left, extending the front as wide as possible, so as to prevent being flanked. Cols. Todd and Trigg on the right, Col. Daniel Boone and the writer of this (Capt. Robert Patterson) commanded the left, with two outer spies 150 yards advanced in front of each line to give notice to the horse to advance. Our line on the left consisted of seventy men, including the two spies. The night was dark, and the woods being dense, we had to move slow. Two hours before day we got within two miles of the Lick, halted at daybreak, and finding that we must be near the enemy, fell in and continued the line of march. We crossed the river, and continued on about a mile to a thick growth of timber, when spies gave the signal to the horse to charge, which was promptly done in a gallop close to the enemy. The firing commenced on the full, and coming up forced the enemy from their first ground, but the right wing not gaining the timber retreat at the time that the left wing was gaining on the enemy, and before they were observed, were occupying the ground that the right had possession of but a little time before, and would soon have been in our rear.

“Having a number of our best men and officers killed and wounded, and the enemy continuing firm and fast turning our right, we were ordered to fall back slowly, and return their fire to hold them in check so as to gain and cross the river. By the time we got within one hundred yards of the bank, and that much below the ford, fifteen of the retreating men, together with the writer, could see no way of escaping,

“yet trying and defending ourselves, the enemy being on every side
“except the river. At this critical moment the before mentioned AARON
“REYNOLDS rode up to me on horseback, and without asking if I would
“accept he dismounted on the right side, saying get on and make your
“escape. I mounted and he with others ran into the river and made his
“escape with some of the others, while I rode directly to the ford passing
“by two Indians who were behind a tree close to the river, and I was the
“last of our men that did get across the river.

“I directly fell in with some of our men, and a wounded man on horse-
“back held on by another who rode behind him, and continued with
“them some time, directing them the route to take in order to shun the
“enemy. Thus making towards the road two Indians had got abreast of
“me; the one on horseback dismounted and shot at me at about fifty
“yards distant, but missed his mark, and I kept on and arrived at home
“the next day; but AARON REYNOLDS had arrived before I did, and
“related how he had furnished me with his horse on the retreat, but was
“not credited, and I was considered among the slain; but my arrival con-
“firmed the story, and I, with all who heard the story, thought it incredible
“that a man unhurt and well mounted would, without solicitation, calmly
“dismount and give up his horse. History scarcely furnishes a parallel.
“At this distant time in looking back I consider it like AARON REYNOLDS
“giving his life to save mine. The first opportunity I had, in the pres-
“ence of others, I asked him what was his motive in giving up his horse.
“His answer was then, and he repeated the same to others afterwards,
“that from the time that I reproved him for swearing he felt a singular
“and continued attachment for me As to making my escape, in the
“most favorable situation of an active body it would have been very
“doubtful; while I, having been some years before severely wounded,
“rendered me still more unable to have made my escape; and I look
“upon it as certain that but for the above interposition of Divine mercy
“the bones that are now writing this narrative would have lain among
“stones that cover the earth on the bare hill about the Blue Licks, with
“those of many more who never were buried, among whom were Cols.
“JOHN TODD and STEPHEN TRIGG, Major CYRUS HARLAND and JOSEPH
“LINDSAY. It was ten days before a sufficient number of men could be col-
“lected to bury the dead, and by that time there were none of their friends
“that could recognize them, for their bones were scattered for a mile
“around. They were gathered and thrown together promiscuously, and
“covered with stones and old logs, as was the manner of burying in those
“times on such occasions.

“Thus of the 144 men, including officers, who crossed Licking river at
“8 o'clock, Monday morning, August 19, 1782, men who were as well
“qualified from experience to face the Indians as ever were collected,
“only 75, including 7 wounded, recrossed the river at 10 o'clock.

“AARON REYNOLDS having safely recrossed the river, sat down on a log to adjust his moccasins, and being thus hastily and busily engaged with his head down, before he had any notice of their approach two Indians had fast hold of him, and taking his rifle from him one held him while the other went after another man who was then in view, but trying to escape. REYNOLDS, seeing the frizen of the Indian’s gun up, supposed that it was not loaded; he sprang from his grasp and made his escape.

“The effects of reproof for swearing, and his narrow escape, brought him to serious reflection, which terminated in his making a religious profession, and uniting with a Baptist Church. In this situation he and his family were, when I last heard from him, in the lower end of Kentucky. For a reward REYNOLDS got a horse and saddle equipment, and one hundred acres of first-rate pre-emption land; which was the first land that he ever owned.”

Note I.

Mr. COLLINS has collected the following names of those certainly known to have been killed at the battle of the Blue Licks: Colonel JOHN TODD, Lieutenant Colonel TRIGG, Major SILAS HARLAND, Major EDWARD BULGER, Captain WILLIAM MCBRIDE, Captain JOHN GORDON, JOHN BULGER, JOSEPH LINDSAY, CLOUGH OVERTON, JOHN KENNEDY, JAMES GRAHAM, WILLIAM STEWART, JOHN WILSON, ISRAEL BOONE, and ANDREW MCCONNEL. The names of the others have not been preserved.

Note K.

The reader who desires to consult all the accessible accounts of the battle of the Blue Licks is referred to Mr. COLLINS’ History of Kentucky, under the head of Nicholas county, to Governor MOREHEAD’S Boonesborough address, and to MCCLUNG’S “Life of Boone,” in his volume of “Western Adventures.” It is scarcely necessary to say that these authorities have been freely used in the preparation of this paper. The MS. account recently discovered in the papers of Colonel ROBERT PATTERSON is reprinted in another note to this address.

NOTE L.

The map appended to this paper is reproduced, by the photo-lithographic process, from that given in the French translation of “FILSON’S ACCOUNT OF KENTUCKE.”

The original edition of FILSON's work was published at Wilmington in 1784, with a certificate under the hands of DANIEL BOONE, LEVI TODD, and JAMES HARROD. It also purported to contain a "MAP OF KENTUCKE."

It is strange that no copy of the edition of 1784 can be found containing the map referred to, though very diligent search has been made. I have to thank Mr. A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington, Mr. LLOYD P. SMITH, of the Philadelphia Public Library, Mr. JAMES L. WHITNEY, of the Boston Public Library, Mr. LYMAN C. DRAPER, the veteran collector and historical writer, and ROBERT CLARKE, Esq., of Cincinnati, for their kindness in searching out this matter.

The better opinion seems to be that FILSON did not publish his map with his book, but made it public afterwards. It is hardly possible otherwise to account for the absence of the map from every known copy of the edition of 1784.

Yet, on the other hand, REUBEN T. DURRETT, Esq., of Louisville, Kentucky, is very positive in his recollection that the map referred to was in the copy of FILSON which he presented to the Public Library of Louisville, Kentucky, and which has since been stolen.

In 1785, M. PARRAUD translated FILSON's work and published it at Paris. With it he gave the map now reproduced, translating the English names of streams and localities into equivalent French.

The map so given is doubtless a *fac simile* of FILSON's.

Filson was, as is well known, an accomplished surveyor and a good draftsman. It was while engaged in the survey of Losantiville, now Cincinnati, that he was killed by Indians.

A glance at the map will show how the settlements were clustered between Lexington and Harrodsburg, with Leestown (Frankfort), Boonesborough, and Ruddles' Station as outliers.

The sagacity of GIRTY's incursion and retreat cannot be fully appreciated without reference to the contemporary map.

RB 9.3.1

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